

Don't Look Back

by mileouttahell

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Summary: Mirai Trunks meets a girl who shouldn't have existed in his timeline...

Don't Look Back

> <meta name="Generator"> Maybe it's intuition

She stared at the tank through cat-slitted eyes, pressing her hand against the glass.

One night of pleasure....what was I thinking?! A human! For that matter, what was he

thinking?

Juuhachigou snorted. No, I know the answer to that. He was hoping to win me over to his

side. He knew it was a long shot...but then, if it would save the world, it would have been

worth it, to him.

Of course the kid would end up in the tank. She wasn't going to be burdened with the thing for the

next couple of months. So the incubation tank would be the logical place for it.

Strange though, she almost couldn't bear to leave it there...her programming must be breaking

down. She'd ask Juunanagou to check up on it later.

She thought back to when she'd killed him. The father of her baby. When it came down to it, she

and Juunanagou, together, had killed him. And she'd felt regret- just a twinge, but she should feel

nothing.

And she was glad Gero wouldn't know of her daughter. Her programming really was going to hell,

she knew, and grimaced. She almost wished that the humans had succeeded in killing her. She

would almost rather be dead in hell for her atrocities than be living as Gero's slave. Maybe there

was a bug in her program. She shouldn't be thinking these thoughts; her ultimate loyalty lay with

Gero. No, she amended. If that was true, I never would have loved the human.

Marron, she named the baby. After her father, but more feminine. She even recorded information

on her in a set of notebooks. Marron was eight months in the tank now- she'd be ready to come

out by human standards in a month or so. But more likely she would remain in the tank for years-

until someone came and found her. The tank was a contraption of Red Ribbon Juuhachigou had

fixed up. It would feed Marron, teach her what she needed to know-and erase her memory of

being an artificial baby. She would live a normal life.

Juuhachigou knew that Marron took after her mother as much as her father- her blond hair, blue

eyes- but the human half of her jumped out at the artificial human. The diminutive size. The round

face. She was even missing her nose- maybe not a vital organ, but the brat looked silly without it.

She turned around upon sensing her brother's presence behind her. "Time to go," he said simply.

She turned to follow him out. Don't look back.

The young woman flew, crying, and when she couldn't fly any longer.

He's dead he's dead he's dead he's dead! Tears ran out of her cornflower blue eyes. I can't believe

he'd just throw his life away like that! Suddenly she stumbled and rolled down a hill- and fell

into a hold leading to a giant underground laboratory. She used the last of her ki to stop her fall so

she wouldn't be hurt.

The young woman walked slowly up to a tank that held a form- the form of a twelve-year-old girl.

Suddenly the girl's opened, and a bright burst of light came from the tank, throwing the woman up

against one wall.

The girl passed out.

When she woke up again, it was to a pair of blue eyes in a sweet face bending over her.

"What happened?" Her brows furrowed. Who am I?

The eyes smiled. "I'm not sure, kid. Where're your parents? Do you know? What's your name?"

She frowned. "I don't know."

Maybe....this can be the child Gohan and I will never get the chance to have. Videll thought.

"Well, then," she said out loud, would you like to come with me?" she offered her hand. "I'm

Videll. We'll call you Sagasu because you're looking for your parents.

Sagasu took Videll's hand.

5 years later...

Sagasu was leaving her foster mother Videll. Videll had taken good care of her over the years, but

she couldn't teach Sagasu anything that she truly wanted to learn: to fight, and who she was. The

former, Videll could do, but her time in the tank had trained her far past the level her foster mother

was at.

Then there was the matter of her parents, such as they were. Videll had never told her of her

strange 'birth' from the tank, but had rather let the girl think she was at least somewhat normal.

After all, many people, including Videll herself, had lost everyone in their families to the artificial

humans.

Videl hugged the seventeen-year-old woman. "Goodbye Videl," Sagasu whispered, eyes tearing

up. "No- goodbye mother."

At this even Videl started bawling. "Now you come back and visit, you hear?" she said, releasing

the young girl.

"Hai. Easily." She smiled, levitating, and then took off. Don't look back.

Sagasu was tired, grouchy, and altogether unpleasant by the time she reached the place Videl had

sent her to. So this is the infamous Capsule Corp. huh? Well, I guess I should go up and

knock.

Bulma opened the door to find a young girl standing there looking nervous. "May I help you,

ma'am?"

"Hai. I'm Sagasu-"

"Ah!" Bulma beamed. "You're Videl's adopted daughter, ne?"

She nodded. "Hai. That's me."

"Well! Come on in, then. I'm sorry my son's away on a rather long trip right now, but he'll be back

in a couple years."

Sagasu blinked. "Years? That must be quite the trip! But I understand you might be able to help

me get my memory back."

Bulma nodded. "I'm not a medical expert or anything, mind you, but I've studied the brain quite a

bit, and I believe I can make up a machine that can restore your memory.

Two years of testing machine after machine went by. Bulma was baffled. What technicians she still

had around were baffled. Sagasu was baffled.

"It's like your memory has been wiped clean. It hasn't just been pushed to where you can't find it,

it's gone. I don't know how this can be. It's almost as if you were a computer that had all its

memory deleted.

And then Trunks came back.

"Kaa-san!" Sagasu jumped at the voice outside her room. Could that be Trunks?

A couple seconds later, Sagasu heard the sound of tearful greetings being issued in the hall. She

slipped unobtrusively out-

Then stopped dead in her tracks when her eyes fell upon the most handsome man she'd ever

seen. His messy lavender locks framed a strong, masculine face, a face that said, I'm number

one. Die hard. You can't keep me down, I'll just bounce right back up. His angular, ice blue

eyes enforced that message, but there was a great pain behind those eyes, the same pain that she

had often seen in Videl's eyes. It was the pain of someone who'd watched a loved one die and

been helpless to stop it. But it was also more. It was the pain of a man who had the whole world

resting on his shoulders. The pain of the last warrior.

Trunks was dressed in loose clothes for traveling. He was wearing loose seatpants, and a pink

t-shirt that had english writing on the back. Sagasu had never learned english, so she had no idea

what it said. However, what drew her attention was the way the top two buttons were open in an

extremely sexy way...

Realizing what direction her thoughts were headed, Sagasu quickly looked away, blushing.

Suddenly Trunks noticed the girl standing shyly by.

"Kaa-san, who's this?"

"Ah! You remember hearing of Sagasu, Videl's adoptive daughter? That's who this is."

Trunks gave her a suspicious look. "Why don't you have any ki?"

"What's...ki?" Sagasu asked.

"Life energy. Only the artificial humans don't have ki, unless you're concealing it really well."

"Hunh..." Sagasu muttered. Then she brightened. "I know! I lost my memory, as you might already

know. Well, someone had trained me to fight before that, and the instinct remains. So maybe I

can conceal this "ki" you speak of."

Trunks nodded, satisfied. "Well, maybe we can spar later, then."

Sagasu and Trunks flew slowly to the beach, discussing their childhoods (or at least what Sagasu

could remember of hers.) They soon found out that they had a lot of little things in common, like

how they both liked to eat ice cream when they were upset, and gaze at the stars at night.

Soon they came to the beach they had chosen to train at, and they both landed softly on the sand

and get into fighting positions.

Trunks and Sagasu both sprawled, panting, on the sand. They had spent the whole afternoon

there, and now dark was descending.

There had been no clear winner in the sparring match; the abilities of the two fighters were near

equal. "Look!" Trunks pointed. "A shooting star!"

Sagasu smiled in delight. I wish that I could learn who I am.

Trunks looked over at the girl sprawled next to him on the sand. She was very cute, with her hair

out of it's pigtails. It spread across the sand like a golden ocean. Her sea-blue eyes were sparkling

in her graceful, round face. Somehow, she reminded him of someone he couldn't quite place...

He stood up, upon insistence from his stomach, and brushed the sand from his clothes. He then

held out a hand to help Sagasu to her feet. They flew home the way they came...slowly, talking

about life.

Then came the time when Trunks knew he was as ready as he'd ever be to face the artificial

humans. Sagasu, unfortunately, insisted on coming. Trunks didn't want her to be in danger.

He left after supper, when she was getting ready for bed, and flew into the sunset, intent on his destination.

Sagasu couldn't sleep, so she went to find Trunks to ask if he wanted to spar. However, when

she couldn't find him, she quickly deduced what had happened. "Trunks no baka!" she yelled,

taking off as fast as she could.

She got there just as the battle ended. Juunana-gou wasn't much more than a black smudge on the

ground. Juuhachi-gou was still alive, but had a fatal wound in her side.

"Trunks!" she yelled. "You were supposed to wait for me, you idiot!"

Juuhachigou suddenly sat up, coughing up blood. Trunks jumped back, startled. "M-marron," she

got out between coughs.

"What?" Trunks asked as he stared at Juuhachigou, making a great effort to speak.

But Juuhachigou was not looking at Trunks. "You, girl, what is your name?" she got out.

"I-I'm not sure. I have amnesia."

"Can it be? Are you....Marron?"

Sagasu stared at the dying artificial human suspiciously. "My name is Marron? How would you

know?"

Juuhachigou coughed again. "You- look just like your father."

"What are you going on about?" Trunks glared at Juuhachigou.

"Her father. Kuririn."

"K-kuririn?" Trunks stammered. She did look like Kuririn! The face he couldn't place! "Then-

how did you know this? And do you know who her mother is?"

Juuhachigou chuckled, a last feeble sound. "I can answer both those questions in one. I know

because I am her mother." She fell back to the ground, limp.

Marron's world crashed apart.

No, NO! This can't be true! But even as the thought crossed her mind, she knew it was a lie.

Trunks could never love me now. I'll leave, so I won't be a burden to him any longer. So he

won't have to worry about whether I'll murder him in his sleep. He won't have to worry

that I'll be like my mother, who helped to murder Gohan. Oh Videl-Kaasan! Marron whirled

around, taking off into the air, sobs blocking out the belated, "Wait, Marron, wait!" from the

startled Trunks.

Don't look back.

Trunks watched the small girl sobbing on the beach. She was wearing a tanktop, and her bare

shoulders were ivory in the moonlight.

She must have thought that he'd hate her now. He sighed. Poor girl, to have to find out your

mother was the person half responsible for destroying the world, and her uncle responsible for the

other half. He had to confess to her. He had to tell her he loved her.

C'mon, Trunks, no turning back now, buddy! He could almost hear Gohan's voice speaking to

him...He almost thought he saw him standing there with Goku and his father, Gohan grinning,

Goku giving him a victory sign, and his father unnoticably raising two fingers in salute...

He blinked and they were gone. Must have been a trick of the light...

Well, gota do this. No turning back now...Don't look back Trunks. Don't get scared.

Marron looked up, startled, when she felt warm hands fall on her shoulders and whirl her around.

"Marron, what's wrong?"

"I-I- Don't you hate me now?" she finally stammered out.

"If I judged people by their parentage, I might as well go jump off a cliff right now. My father

killed more people that I can could, and my mother isn't perfect herself. Besides, you're half

Kuririn's, and he was one of my closest friends."

"Besides, my heart doesn't lie. And my heart says I love you."

Marron gasped. "Honto...?" she looked up with hopeful, tearfilled eyes.

"Honto," Trunks replied with a mischevious expression, as he bent down to kiss her.

And somewhere up in Heaven, three man gave each other high fives.

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End
file.